



**HALF-HOURS**

**WITH**

**A**

**JAIN**

**MUNI**

010038

**DEDICATORY**

*To*

***INSANE KAMIL***

***Men Perfected***

***I bow down to Man.***

**मध्येण वेदामि ।**





—

❀ वर्द्धमान च. थागार ❀

जैन विश्व भागती. लाडनू

# HALF-HOURS WITH A JAIN MUNI

( A Spiritual Biography of Mum Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj )

*By*

ABDUL HAMID A BAAKZA,

M A , F T S

*With*

*A Foreword by*

PROF K T. MERCHANT,

M A , LL B (BOM.), B SC. (ECON) (LONDON), FRGS

Principal and Sir Chunilal Madhavlal Professor of Banking,  
Sydenham College of Commerce & Economics, Bombay



JAICO PUBLISHING HOUSE

125, MAHATMA GANDHI ROAD, BOMBAY I

© 1962 BY JAICO PUBLISHING HOUSE

294.41  
BAA-H  
10038

*Published by*

MR. JAMAN H SHAH  
JAICO PUBLISHING HOUSE  
125, MAHATMA GANDHI ROAD  
BOMBAY-1

Printed in India by L G Gore, at Perfecta Printing Works,  
109-A, Industrial Area, Sion, Bombay-22

## Prefatory Note

I am indebted to Muni Maharaj for the factual matter of this biography. That is I could get verification from him for the dates and places that I have mentioned. Beyond this, every attempt of mine to get any more information from him has ever met with a gentle rebuff. He has such a high regard for the veracity of statement that he refused to say anything lest I misconstrued its meaning. One other cogent reason that I can adduce is that his illness has affected his memory so much that he remembers very little of the past with any pretence to sequence or accuracy. The only courtesy that he could show me was to allow me to write this *Sketch*. I had therefore to depend upon 'the asides' with the visitors who came to see him or attend his Vyakhyan at different towns or cities. Under this handicap, whatever bits of information I could gather, I have utilised. So far as the main thread of the story is concerned, I am sure, Muni maharaj will agree with me as to its veracity. Where I have interpreted the facts I may have erred in some minor details and for that, I seek his indulgence to pardon me. 'Why should he have been so stubborn and not offered to enlighten me?' I humbly protest. He should pay for this, by his forbearance.

Now, if any apology be needed for presenting his life—however sketchy it be and hastily written—it lies in his growing popularity with the Jains and non-Jains at the present day. A more serious reason for me is that I have learned to love him. He is so lovable. And love assigns no reasons.

692, Krishnanagar,  
BHAVNAGAR,

{

Abdul Hamid A. Baakza





## FOREWORD

It is, indeed, a privilege to be asked to write a few words by way of a foreword to this special Jaico edition of *Half-Hours with a Jain Muni* by Shri Abdul Hamid A Baazka. I write it with genuine pleasure. My pleasure is all the greater because it provides me with an opportunity to pay my humble tribute to this great soul with whom I had the good fortune to spend a few half-hours myself—half-hours happy, pleasant and profitable.

This spiritual biography of Muni Shri Chandra-prabhsagar Maharaj gives us tantalising glimpses of the life and spiritual evolution of a fascinating sage, there are many gaps in it which Muni alone can fill—if such gaps can be filled at all. As one reads of the spiritual crisis in the life of the Muni, one cannot but recall the experience of Narendra (known as Vivekananda later) who lost all consciousness of the outer world while watching the Master and who fell in a trance and remained, when he regained consciousness, completely ignorant of what had happened. But apart from this, human personality is not a solid thing like marble, it eludes one's

grasp like the rainbow And the personality of a harmonious and integrated sage like Muniji is even more elusive, because it is even more attractive and has achieved a finer synthesis

Words cannot capture the serenity, the graciousness and the ineffable charm of such personalities any more than they capture the heavenly beauty of the rainbow The biographer can disentagle the variegated threads of these personalities, examine their woof and texture, analyse the ingredients, but he cannot fix in words the magic of their harmonious blending The only way to apprehend such great souls is by personal contact, by experiencing at first hand the joyous and uplifting impact of such a soul on oneself The purpose of this booklet will be more than fulfilled if those who read it are drawn to spend half an hour with this unique sage and experience personally the spell of the Master

## (II)

I have had the good fortune of spending a few half-hours with Muniji, thanks to my former pupil Shrimati Gunjal Desai The first time I met him, we discussed the problems of education and discipline I found to my great delight and surprise that, though Muniji is an ascetic and follows scrupulously the established traditions of his Order, he brings reason to bear upon the problems under discussion, he takes into account the forces at work in modern times and

the changing patterns and circumstances of today I found in him a man of wide reading, deep knowledge, and profound understanding of men and things I was happy that we were at one on many points

The impression I formed was that here is an unorthodox, unconventional saint This impression was confirmed when I read this book His well-built and almost athletic body, his penetrating and lustrous eyes, his serene, composed and handsome face with the beard lending an added majesty to his countenance, won my heart instantly, created in me confidence and faith in him No wonder that Smt Indira Gandhi who met him for a couple of minutes says "He looked very much like what one would imagine Christ to be and gave me an impression of deep peace"

I met him again a few days later On this occasion, I was greatly perturbed by the unaccountably hostile behaviour of a trusted friend, something within me had impelled me to seek his guidance I know not why or how my contact with him had been the briefest, and yet I was drawn to him in my hour of trouble and inward tumult I went to see him by appointment but he was to go on a visit to the house of a disciple He asked me if I would go with him I readily agreed All the way we discussed some problems, especially Free Will and Destiny. We went to three places At the first, he blessed the members of a Middle Class family residing in a small room and

collected the Bhiksha Then we went to another place, where a young College girl was in sick bed. His soothing words and blessings brought her a good deal of comfort and happiness, despite her great physical pain This could be easily seen from the glow on her face The third place was not on his schedule; but a child begged Muniiji to go with him, insisting that it was very near He would not displease the child In all these three places, a comparatively large family stayed in one small room which served at once as kitchen, bed-room, drawing-room and study-room Naturally this made him discuss with me the housing problem in Bombay and the plight and economics of Middle Class homes

This experience showed me how Muniiji's unassuming ways, informal behaviour, and abounding compassion towards all and sundry naturally win the heart of all those who meet him

When I spoke to him about my personal problem, his few and well-chosen words consoled me very much; I came home very much relieved of pain and anxiety and mental anguish This, to my mind, is his great quality—serenity and tranquillity of mind. He is not only serene himself; he can transmit serenity to others

On the third occasion, I was privileged to listen to a lecture of his at the Roxy Cinema I then discovered his great and fluent command over language, his eloquence, his homely illustrations drawn from

every day life like those found in the talks of Vinobaji. All these coupled with his serene personality enabled him to carry his message straight to the hearts of his listeners who heard him with rapt attention and in pin-drop silence, though the hall was full

### (III)

Munji is also a man of letters who has enriched Gujarati literature with the elegance of his style and the nobility of his thoughts. His works not only give us pleasure but also ennoble our minds and purify our hearts. Words flow from his pen as smoothly and as gracefully as they trip from his tongue. His writings, his lectures, his personality exude the spirit of catholicity and universality. He speaks many languages. Born in Rajasthan, brought up at Tumkur in Karnatak, living in Gujarat, he is well-versed not only in many Indian languages and literatures but also in Western thought. Indeed, we find in him a happy synthesis of the East and the West.

A harmonious personality, body, soul and mind in tune with one another, he is one of those free souls of whom Vivekananda speaks

“Upon these free souls depends the spiritual growth of mankind. They are like the first lamps from which other lamps are lighted. True, the light is in everyone, but in most men it is hidden. The great souls are shining lights from the

beginning Those who come in contact with them have as it were their own lamps lighted By this the first lamp does not lose anything, yet it communicates its light to other lamps A million lights are lighted, but the first lamp goes on shining with undiminished light."

May his message spread and bring tranquillity and happiness and peace to all Nothing will please Munji more; for he practises the advice of Laurence Binyon

"Overbrim and overflow  
Thine own heart, if thou wouldst know,  
For the spirit born to bless  
Lives in its own excess"

His is, indeed, a spirit born to bless; and I am sure this booklet will make his message 'overbrim and overflow' the large circles of his disciples

Bombay

K T Merchant

13th February, 1962

## AN APPRECIATION

Some time ago, I had the opportunity of listening to a spiritual discourse of Muni Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj, entitled 'The Spiritual Basis of Human Brotherhood' which was arranged under the auspices of the Theosophical Lodge of Bhavnagar. I had also the further privilege of thanking the Muni Maharaj after the lecture was over. I could see in a moment that here was no ordinary man but a person of dynamic spirituality. Indeed, the name of Muni Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj scarcely needs an introduction to the Gujarati public especially, the Jain section of it. He is a very gifted and popular preacher and a saintly monk. He is a great personality in more respects than one. He is a Jain monk, no doubt, but his vision of things spiritual is broad-based and whatever he says, does or writes exhales an aroma of spiritual catholicity and universal wisdom. He is also a gifted writer of Gujarati prose. The book 'Saurabha', written by him under the pen-name of Chitrabhanu is a living reminder of the fact that Jain Munis have rendered invaluable service to the growth



and development of Gujrati literature almost from its very beginning to the present times

His little book 'Saurabha' is a collection of aphoristic saying on almost every subject which touches our human lives. His method of presentation reminds us constantly of Khalil Gibran, a kindred soul engaged in a similar pursuit of the quest of the spirit. In 'Saurabha' there is a fragrance of flowers which never wither but are always fresh, for they are of the Tree of Paradise. It is the pride of his penmanship and the delight of our hearts.

*Half-Hours with a Jain Muni* is a brief yet very instructive record of the spiritual biography of the saintly Muni. Although the Muni dons the traditional robe of an orthodox Jain Muni, he is singularly free from the poison of sectarianism which is the ruin of India. As Shree Baakza, his biographer says. "His philosophy is broad-based on human values. He is a preacher, but he is not preachy." Mr Baakza has given us a soul-stirring account of the life of the Muni who passing through the storm and stress of worldly existence, set his eyes firmly on the Most High and is now resting there with the peace of his mind and heart and soul.

Saints are the salt of the earth. They are always eager to help the suffering humanity. The large-hearted Muni, out of sheer compassion for the suffering, once helped bring about the cure of a tum-

our on the thyroid gland of the son of the Chief of Dasada

The work of collating the facts in the life-history of the Muni Maharaj has been carefully and scrupulously done by Prof Baakza. He has given us an account of the Muni's life in a lucid, crisp and straightforward style. May it delight the hearts of the Muni's numerous devotees and friends !

Krishnanagar, Bhavnagar

*J B Dave*



## *Half-Hours with a Jain Muni*

(A Spiritual Biography of Muni Shree Chandraprabhasagar Maharaj)

On the evening of the 5th July 1956, a friend of  
A sweet mine came to see me He wanted to  
personality take me to Muni Shree Chandra-  
prabhsagarji Maharaj Chitrabhanu <sup>1</sup> We immediately  
set off to see the person

I had pictured to myself a man of austere looks,  
with a bald head, and a few straggling hair on the  
chin—an angular type altogether, but when I saw the  
Monk, he belied my mental image of him by present-  
ing himself as a man of rosy health and gentle  
manners and a man of great personal charm Not a  
hard shiny shell of a skull, but a well shaped head  
with a stock of black hair, an open face with a beard  
which, though not cultivated was not scrubby too I  
could see him through the haze of the twilight which  
filled the room, because the religious vows of his order  
shut out all artificial light and yet the glimpse I caught

of the beauty, and the calm that I experienced in his presence were sufficient to gain him soon my complete esteem

*'He is a sweet personality'*. That is the impression I carried away with me, on my first visit. It has deepened with further contacts

Next morning, I bestirred myself to go out, and join the numerous crowds which were moving towards the Lecture Hall. The floor was soon occupied completely. There were men and women, A preacher who is not preachy coming from far and near, there were men of position and rank, petty shopkeepers and business-magnates, Jains and non-Jains, school-teachers and youngsters. In short, there was a combination of town and gown which is not often met with. Every public speaker has his own qualities which attract people; University don draws the learned, and a soap-box zealot, a common herd. But, what was it in this man to draw such a mixed gathering? I sat musing

Seven to nine—the hours, which of all the hours of the day, are usually kept apart for personal use. To wit, 7 o'clock is a by-word for shave. There is a majority who would forego an extra biscuit and let their tea get cold, but they must scan through their morning paper. It is a religious duty with them! Some good souls have to perform the three-hour Puja which they must somehow finish

‘But what was in the man which called them away from these consecrated hours’ . I wondered But before I could frame some plausible answer to this question, he was there, correct to the minute.

All rose and gave him passage through the close-packed rows He walked down to the Asan or Pulpit with his usual light, quick step, and assumed the Ardha Padmasan, his cross-legged lotus posture

He chose some text from the Jain Scriptures and began to expound He set forth in the simplest possible way the deepest meaning of the text It seemed to me he was not so much interested in the metaphysical analysis as in its spiritual message and direct application to modern life

He is tremendously interested in people and their doings His interest lies in the world of reality in which we live He wants us to solve the problems of the day with the help which our religion or religious outlook can lend It soon becomes apparent as he proceeds with the exposition of his text that it is not religion with any particular brand or theological dogma or philosophical crotchet that he is interested in No, what he wants, and earnestly wants, is to induce people to have religious outlook in life

Just as an ass carries a load of sandalwood but has no share in its fragrance and coolness, in the same way a learned man without good actions obtains the load of learning but not salvation

Why should you read and study philosophy if you refuse to change and want to remain a learned fool ? Forms and ceremonies have no value if you love them for their own sake. Religion itself is a means to an end, and not an end in itself. He is therefore sparing in the use of Jain terminology. His discourses are based upon the *Syadavada*<sup>2</sup> or *Jain theory of Relativity*, which has a wider connotation and has no smell of any 'ism'. His philosophy is broad-based upon human values. It wonderfully appeals to all, Jain or Gentile. Simple truths, he preaches and makes the pills palatable. He addresses his audience as if he addresses his friends. He takes them into his confidence by an occasional inquiring look at someone in the audience to elicit 'Yes' or 'No' to some interesting point. He is conscious of his ethical aim, but he does not make his people feel it. He is a preacher, but he is not preachy. He himself says, "I do not want to teach people their duties or any doctrine of religion. I want to arouse them from their complacencies, to stir their hearts, to vivify their imagination, to bring them out from their little selves to the Higher, of which they are capable."

He wants us to take religion, not with a long face but with a sense of spiritual adventure. "LIVE LIFE" that's all. That is the substance of all his teaching. Live it nobly, wholly, powerfully keeping the goal in view. If you have no goal in life, if you have no vision of the moral beauty which shines upon the

face of Nature and Man and if you live blindly, mechanically going round like an ox of the tread-mill well ! you have not enjoyed the Day as you should have enjoyed it, and have frittered away all your energy and the Night comes and all is over He has had some soul-stirring experience before, and Death Reflections as a Call has taken a special significance On Death since then He makes pertinent references to Death as a crisis in Life

He wants people to keep it ever before their minds, not as a dreadful event in life, but as testing time You should possess your self of a clearance certificate before you enter the Portals of Death Death serves as a stimulant to those who meditate upon it, to urge them on in the race of righteousness It keeps them awake and vigilant

He is so free and fearless in all his speeches He cares not for petty conventions His thinking does not move in the old grooves He puts the 'Old', but in the Firm, but language of to-day There is nothing of a persuasive Pandit or a Shastri about him He criticises the New too He does not assert as if he is the only custodian of Truth but gently he pushes in his ideas, presented in some pretty story, or parable His Co'ourful discourse is a happy combination of Speech Akhyan and Vyakhyan, Sermon and Lecture, free from the clerical stiffness of the one and the high-browed airs of the other. He usually lends a romantic setting to his spoken word—a general



feature of his style which is richly exhibited in his written word It will be of some interest to trace this element of romance in him to his early youth

Rup-Rajendra, to give his family name, was born  
His Birthplace on Vikram Samvant 1978 Shravana  
Its significance Sudi Brij, 26 July 1922 A D at the  
village of Takhtagadh in Rajputana.

This region of his nativity is situated between two territories, representing as if it were the two phases of his life. There stretches out far beyond, the land of Mewar, the land of Rajput chivalry and heroic deeds, and not far distant is situated the lovely group of the Jain temples, the Dilwara and Ranakpur

To those who hold that events in life are not fortuitous, but are related to unseen subtler bonds, the location of his birth-place is not without significance The iron of the soil seems to have entered his soul. The activities of his reckless boyhood may have sprung from this natal influence.

He was barely nine months old, when he was taken to Mysore, another land of romance and beauty  
How he grows His father was a businessman of Tumkur, a market town in Mysore.

He was four years old when he was bereft of his  
Glimpse mother's tender affection and care He al-  
of death ways slept with his mother at night This  
was the first night when his father took him under  
his care

He asked every one where his mother had gone. She would never stay away so long without him, however urgent be the need or pressing the call. The truth was dawning upon his mind when some one bluntly told him in the morning that he would never see her again. In the extremity of his grief and bewilderment he ran to his old friend, an aged man who had always been kind and affectionate to him and to whom he carried all his little problems to solve when in difficulty. He gave him sweets and chocolates and caressed him, he was the man whom he unbosomed his heart and who ever listened to him patiently. "Uncle", he asked him "where is my mother gone, please tell me the truth. . . what is this Death, they talk about", he pleaded with tears in his eyes. The good old man seated him by his side with his usual pat and asked him to look up to the clear, blue sky above. "Do you see that starry heaven", he pointed upwards, "How lovely it looks by day and how very brilliant at night! Is it not a beautiful home? Well, your mother has gone there to live amidst the stars". But can we not go there, won't you take me to my mother?", the boy appealed plaintively. 'Dear Child', he replied in a soothing tone, "we'll surely go there one day. It is an abode of bliss. Good people who have been kind and nice to others are admitted there. Fairies and angels wait upon them. If you will be a good boy and do well, your mother will certainly send you an angel to fetch you to her side". The boy revolved all that was said to him in

his mind for a number of days. He kept the secret to himself. He loved the good old man, he trusted him; he knew he would never deceive him. Faith is a great solace and it leads to success. Rajendra believed in the story and looked forward to the day when his mother would call him. Days and nights passed when he gazed longingly into the stars from his open window till the weary waiting brought sleep to his tired eyes, but he received no word from his mother. Stars shone and the Moon as the Queen of Heaven rode forth at night—"why should my mother remember me in such an abode of peace and bliss?"

but, when I think of her so much would she not think of me some day? O! then she would run to me and clasp me to her bosom. But I'll turn away my face and won't talk to her. She should repent and be sorry for neglecting me. I won't relent till she weeps for it and entreats me to forgive her." Such were his thoughts and great was his resentment. Then and then only I'll smile and cast my arms round her neck and be reconciled to her.

Time is a great healer. He felt less and less the loss of his mother as time passed; Truth, however, dawned upon his mind that life was not all sweets and chocolates, that material comforts alone did not satisfy the inner hunger.

Lapped in luxury and with every whim gratified, the child thrived. He had everything which money could procure and which affection could bestow. He

was seldom crossed in his childish demands. The result was that he grew up to become a wild boy of nature, self-willed and strong. He associated with street urchins and took part in their noisy quarrels. He was a boy who would make trouble for the parents. He received, however, his knowledge of the three R's at a local school.

One incident, at least, of his Tumkur days deserves recording. It has a psychological interest. One evening he returned from school, tired and fagged out. He felt sleepy and yet yielding to an impulse, he composed himself to read class lessons. He pored over his task, but could not make head or tail of it. His eyes were heavy, he dozed and was soon fast asleep. He was still conning his lesson but when he awoke, he found to his surprise that he was really reading while slumbering. He consulted the clock on the wall opposite, and saw that the minute hand had completed the circle. For one whole hour, though asleep, yet he was awake in his mind. This seemed odd to his boyish imagination. It set him thinking. The phenomenon served as an eye-opener. He saw that there existed something else apart from physical senses and that gave continuity to our disparate actions. We cannot expect a boy in the third form of the primary school to have given this experience a philosophic turn. We refer to it only to show that it had made an impression upon the subconscious.

When he was of age, he was sent to Bangalore to prosecute his studies. Rup-Rajendra as the name suggests had a body beautiful. His education could compliment him on his fine physique but that does not mean that his mind was matured to acquire higher education. The rough and tough career he had so far pursued promised but little, that he would ever turn to books. He does not seem to have profited much from academic education, but the change of place did benefit him, at any rate. Here, he had ample opportunities to see parks and gardens and extend his excursions even to the woods which are accessible in Mysore.

The innate poetry of his soul revived in these congenial surroundings. We can form but little conception of the release which his soul experienced, at this time, from the bondage of mere physical pleasures, which he had known so far. His thirst for the romantic and lovely in Nature was aroused and appeased when he gazed long and at leisure upon the fountains of the Brindaban Gardens or when he roamed through the shady lanes or lay idling upon some bank of flowers. His wandering steps took him to Bahubali's No sermons and stones Sravan Belguna, too. It was not so much in the spirit of a religious pilgrim that he visited this ancient temple. Its exquisite carving and the magnificence of its courtyard impressed him very

much, of course, but, he read no sermons in the stones

These placid scenes of nature were not calculated to satisfy the other part of his nature viz his love for adventure and his desire to become a hero.

In these days, a wave of nationalism had swept all over the land *Mother India* called her sons to deeds of valour and bravery He first Seva-Dal. joined the voluntary Corps, *Congress Seva Dal*, but its slow progress and halting methods could not keep pace with his fiery spirit Dissatisfied with its working, he looked about for something more daring, more risky, something which would challenge his manhood.

He soon came upon a Revolutionary Club He joined the underground movement That was real adventure With a few scratches and wounds on his body and escapades and dexterous manoeuvres he at last reached Calcutta He passed some time in the company of Subhash Babu and his group But this shadow of the incendiary which fell athwart his path soon receded It was hectic fever which lasted for a day only He returned to Tumkur

He had received scars on his body, but not on his soul || १

When I was on the subject of analysing the qualities of his mind or what Jung calls *Persona* A free soul in an earlier section, I was in search for a word or neat little phrase which would sum

up the *whole* but I could not find one Now, I have tracked down my hunt I find it in Prof. James' 'Varieties'<sup>4</sup> The Gifford lecturer classifies the man of Rup type with healthy-mindedness His remarks are illuminating "In many persons, happiness is congenital and irreclaimable. 'Cosmic emotion' inevitably takes in them the form of enthusiasm and freedom I speak not only of those who are animally happy We find such persons in every age passionately flinging themselves upon their sense of the goodness of life in spite of the hardships of their own condition, and in spite of the sinister theologies into which they may be born"

They soon ally themselves with the good and the tender they find anywhere, and the good and the tender exercise a wholesome influence  
*Lync episode* upon them in return Our child-like Rup came under such influence at this time It melted the 'iron' in his soul It deflected him from the downward path, he had hitherto pursued, and led him, as by a gentle touch up the Mount of Ascension, that was so far hidden in cloud Prof William James helps us here again with an illuminating passage to sympathetically understand this obscure phase of his headlong career<sup>5</sup> "It is to be hoped that we all have some friend, perhaps more often feminine than masculine, and young than old, whose soul is of this sky-blue tint, whose affinities are rather with flowers and birds

and all enchanting innocencies than with dark human passions, who can think no ill of man or God, and in whom religious gladness, being in possession from the outset, needs no deliverance from any antecedent burden" He found such a friend<sup>o</sup> at this moment, and the tender affection which developed tended to soften the hardness of his heart Religion was entering his life

As the Fates would have it, the friendship was not destined to last long The bud of this charming Platonic friendship was nipped before its blossoming Death parted them for good and for all The heroic and dark preliminaries which bring us to this lyric episode in RUP life and which is soon followed by his taking a vow of Renunciation add to the pathos of its heart-rending close The boy belonged to the healthy-minded type, as we had occasion to refer to—one who would never yield to sentimental and morbid sorrow

The faith in Goodness which he had ever had and which was greatly strengthened of late, stood him well now when he had to pass through a great test It will be hypocrisy to deny that this was not a positively agonising moment of his life Death cast a spell over him as it were

'The seed' to take to the ascetic life was there, no doubt But it was buried deep down in the subconscious To what he had given half-hearted attention in the past, now loomed up before him He



could not smother "the still small voice" which whispered, "Leave all for Me." He had heard it before, but he had not heeded it.

The call of Truth and Service comes to all once in a lifetime. But it is only to a few that the call is repeated. "The Seed" was stirring. The world of emotion which he had momentarily peeped at as Chitrabhanu was a necessary adjunct to the shaping of his intellect to nobler ends. The nervous style which he exhibits in some of his stories, the simple sweetness of his poetry, his stimulating power which arouses kindred passion for Truth as he sees it, in his audience are the virtues whose growth is not the less to be attributed to this phase of his life. His studies in philosophy and the minutiae of theology might have given us a man of learning, but not a vivacious speaker. His emotional culture balances the intellectual. It is due to this, that he is gradually mastering the craft of the painter to delineate in colourful language the things of the Spirit.

That RUP is becoming a *Chitrabhanu* is not a mere accident.

Physical and spiritual development proceeds on some co-ordinating principle. Looking to the physical side alone, we observe all the stages of evolution, right down from an amoeba to a full grown mammal which it took aeons to perfect it, contracted to the

period of a few months and repeated *correspondingly* in the embryonic state, in the growth of a human child. So, some thinkers believe that similarly there is some Law of Correspondence obtaining between the spiritual and the physical. When the time comes for the soul to take a further definite step upward, she has to pass through a period of gestation and she is rapidly carried through all the stages from the inception to the finale, which she had experienced before. It is a travail for the soul. It is a process of purification. The gross sensual is already burnt up, but its finer counterpart remains still to be dealt with. According to the Law of Resistance, action and reaction takes place. There is a pulling in opposite directions. It is the separating of the wheat and tares.

RUP was thrown into the throes of this trial

It was the beginning of the summer, 1938. One evening, as he returned from the garden of his walk, he felt some slight pain in the muscles of the leg and he suffered from headache. He took no notice of such a trifle.

In the morning, when he tried to get up, he found that it pained much at the joints when he moved. He had fever too.

From low fever temperature shot up higher and higher as the day advanced. One day, two days. The condition was worse. He now and again was losing his temper. He could not now move out of

his room. The inflammation had spread out from his joints of the fingers and the knee-cap. His nervous excitement was attributed to the high temperature he suffered from. The family doctor announced that it was rheumatic fever and advised complete rest and seclusion for the patient. Doctors usually say so, and people usually take it so—so.

When the news of his illness spread around, relations and friends started pouring in to inquire after his health.

Such courtesy calls are good in their own way. But when visitors and particularly old folk insist upon admission to the sick room, and seeing the patient and talking to him, having of course no consideration for the poor fellow, the matter becomes a great nuisance. But how can one offend these good folk? The doctor was a man of grim humour and when he saw this fan-fare, he gave peremptory orders that no one should be allowed to come into the room, except one or two who attended upon the bed.

Here, Rup himself had fallen unconscious after showing the excited state of his mind by wild looks and frantic gestures. He lay senseless for a week or so. Home-people were upset. It seemed as if his *Shasan Dev* (guardian angel) had planned out this illness for him, so as to insure him full freedom from distractions, and to enable him to face for himself the great problems of *life and death*.

In this spell of unconsciousness, he dreamed dreams and saw things-terrible, hair-raising and thought-provoking

There were moments in which Evil seemed to triumph. It was powerfully suggested to his mind that he had become a successful businessman, and that his coffers were all full of gold and silver. He was spellbound to gaze upon the jewellery of the exquisite workmanship, though he did not wish to see it. He saw gold bars, first in dazzling lustre, but soon changed to yellow snakes wriggling away as he kicked them in contempt. He felt hungry and thirsty. So hungry that he would eat a basketful of *Idli-Dhosa* and so thirsty that he would drink a bucketful of *Soup*. But something whispered, "You are to practise penance. You are washing your sins." He was tempted to gather the 'forbidden fruit,' luscious and fair. His trembling hand plucked it from *Nowhere*, and put it into the mouth. He just bit it and his mouth tasted ashes. He felt he was kneeling against silk and satins, so soft and cooling to his morbidly hot body. . . . . picture after picture of luxurious ease and effeminate indolence was set before his mind by the fever-heated imagination.

There is no faculty which is so resourceful as imagination, in making images, a faculty which serves both ways. It helps man soul-ward, if controlled and directed by the intellect and unmans man if left to itself. Rup 'pulled up' and asserted his will. So, it

was now the turn of the intellect to tempt him To tempt him to knowledge and power

By a special effort, he was mortifying these in-born non-sensual lusts Then thoughts and concepts of a more attenuated order presented themselves to his mind But he braced up his mind and refused to admit them The memory was playing its own part The things which he thought had least concern with his life, and which had casually tumbled in, were now evolved from the long-forgotten past He had to face each and every little thing, exercise his judgment, take it or reject it His faculty of moral judgment was sorely tried In the lonely cell of his heart, he felt utterly lonely, forsaken in the midst of this night of horror He longed for some warm companionship, but, that was denied

He, a rebellious soul, a tough fighter, who would ever check back womanly<sup>s</sup> tears was now like a helpless babe in his mother's arms Tears welled up into his eyes from a heart which ached with the pain of void and dryness of soul He gave out a cry of distress, "Come nigh, solace my heart. I die "

At the same time, he heard a voice so familiar to his ear and yet which struck so strange, "My dear boy, what ails thee, my dear Just open thy eyes, and see who is here " He felt he heard a voice from a far-off land which he had already left behind When he opened his eyes, he saw things but not as he used

to see them before. He somehow felt he did not belong to this place. "These good people who love me can never be mine, always I am a stranger here below and I must never forget it." "Drink this, my dear, buck up. Be a good boy." A glass of fruit juice was put to his lips. He sipped it taking a long time to finish it. He drank it all. But he soon fainted away. It was so to say in the nature of a Recess allowed him from the Court of Trial.

The proceedings soon started. He was still thirsty when he entered the inner court. He fancied himself holding a bejewelled cup in his hand. A fine tall jar stood by his side. He dipped the cup and carried it full to his parched lips. But as he was going to take a large draught of the heavenly drink, he discovered that the cup was empty. He dipped it again and again, and found it ever so empty still.<sup>9</sup> "Leave all for Me," he remembered with a biting conscience. He threw away the cup with the full knowledge drawing upon his mind:

"I know my life's a pain and but a span;  
I know my sense is mock'd in everything."

"Religion is the only thing, that endures in this valley of the shadow of death"<sup>10</sup>, he thought. His religious instinct aroused him to turn to rites and symbols of devotion. No sooner did he think of this, than a rosary was there in his hand, his numble fingers playing the beads. How bewildering, however, that the beads were slipping off and disappearing in the abys-

mal darkness below. He was made to realise the *aparigrah*<sup>11</sup> to the finest . . . In this extremity, what he felt can be better expressed in the Miltonic language than by my feeble wit

"Methought I saw my late espoused Saint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind,  
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd,

So clear, as in no face with more delight,"  
whispering, "Leave all, leave all for Me" He knew,  
he felt, he thrilled His heart leapt with joy to  
embrace the Call

The mind with its commotion ever so slight, was  
now becalmed From a full heart, rejoicing, and with  
an effortless ease poured out the Song of Triumph<sup>12</sup>

I leave all riches, it is but dross,  
Fame I care not, 'tis little loss;  
I leave all, O' all on earth's sod,  
But I want Thy Vision, my Soul, my God  
Darkness, darkness, everywhere Oh Light,  
O Thou my wealth, my life, my sight,  
Lead me Soulward, upward higher,  
O Omnipresent Hidden Fire  
I realise the misery of all desires,  
I empty myself of all, O Sire!  
No joy, no hope in Life, no rest,  
I set my eyes on High and rest  
Enlightener of men, art Thou;

Give me knowledge and give me now,  
Thou art my all in all, enou!

He had gladly made a willing sacrifice of everything, even of the affections of the heart

A large stream of water flowed out before him, azure and crystal clear, so still and calm that he could see the ground below the pool. 'A seed' was stirring in the slime. He possessed a faculty of a sort of double-see, within and without. He perceived that the life, joy, love, which he had had before was only a husk of that love seed which was to burst out of it, and the hard crust of lust to shoot up into the lotus of fruition. A beam of pellucid light ran up from the splitting seed and a stem winding round it, the knots tremulously shining where they touched. The unearthly plant was crowned with a thousand-petalled lotus flower. He was one with it, he learned the lesson that one should generously give out oneself for others as that sweetscented 'spendthrift'. It was only for a split moment that he caught the "*darshana*" or the Vision Beatific of his Atmadev, the term by which he loves to designate one's Real Self. And then there was a complete black-out.

When he returned to 'the earth, earthy' after the long-protracted fainting spell, he could not recognise the old familiar faces. His memory was gone. The doctor advised that he should be given company most of the time. This would perhaps help him recall old impressions.



He sat stolid and insensate to all going around him for hours on end. When he was persuaded long, to get some word from him, he would jerk to attention all of a sudden, blurt out something and fall back into former silence. This continued for a number of days till he slowly regained his memory. Even then, gaps remained for a very long time after. One thing is clear, that he could hardly bring back anything of what he had experienced in his inner self. From an aspect of some ordinary thing, something would flash back and form a link of association with the inner consciousness. By such occurrences, rare and far between, portions of the occult knowledge percolated into his mind.

To make it intelligible, we have pieced together these bits into a readable account for the reader. It stands as it is for the reader to judge for himself how far such an experience has been significant in giving bias to the religious susceptibilities of Rup and on that account how much interesting it is for the reader to know. This is the *raison d'être* for its inclusion in this Sketch.

When he was his normal self again, he desired to go for a change. It was but natural that he should wish to be away from the place where he had suffered so much. Home people readily consented or rather encouraged him. He travelled to Tirth Yatra Palitana. Here, he met Guru Vijay Bhaktisurishvarjee and Agamodharak Acharya Shree Sagaranand.

**Surishvarjee** He was much benefited by the company of the latter though the former inspired him not less He was so much impressed by the spiritual influence these saints shed around them, that he wanted to take his Diksha there and then It is to be noted how susceptible in these things his mind had become after the illness He wrote to his father to give him permission to join Shraman Order His father advised him to wait He wanted to take him round for tirtha yatra It becomes difficult to undertake long journeys after the Vows<sup>14</sup> are taken Because a Shraman has to travel on foot, wherever he goes

Father and son travelled nearly all over India Rup met many Jain Gurus as well as Fakirs and Sadhus Among the great, may be mentioned, Aurobindo Ghose and Raman Maharshi

The four years, 1938-1942, though otherwise uneventful, added much to the store of his knowledge Half of the time, he was travelling During these travels, the great books of Nature and of man were open before him His receptive mind took in much more than what he had admitted of the bookish learning This proved helpful for his literary talent His love for reading was also now aroused and books henceforth were not less common companions of his leisure

There was much pressure brought to bear upon him to change his resolve to take the vows and to devote himself to his father's business And once,

though only once, there was real danger of his falling away from the grace. But the weak moment soon passed away and he remained unshaken in his resolve. One incident picks out in this period, which is remarkably reminiscent of all that impinged upon his soul from above.

It was toward the end of the year 1941 that he reached the end of his spiritual journey. He found what he was seeking all along—his lost soul. That which was vague and indistinct, that which he had seen dimly as through a glass, he now saw face to face. It was at Pavapuri, the place hallowed by the presence of his Master.

It was<sup>15</sup> at Pavapuri that Lord Mahavir attained his Nirvana. Here it was that in the month of Kartika, he had delivered his last sermon to his followers.

This lovely place is situated about seven miles from the Bihar Sharif station. A marble temple erected to commemorate Lord Mahavir's last days on earth stands in the midst of a small lake.

When Rup visited the temple it was the night of Amavasya<sup>16</sup>, eve of the New Year. It was one of the darkest nights and most awfully silent. All nature seemed hushed. There was no barking of dogs nor hooting of owls.

As Rup came to the head of the bridge which spans the water, he experienced something indescri-

babily sweet and elevating in the surrounding atmosphere. The still water mirrored the marble temple in all its purity and a profusion of water lilies springing from the clear dark water and interlacing with starlights and wick-lamp floats added to the charm of the place. He walked along. He felt a buoyancy in his limbs as that of a lark on the wing. Blood coursed through his veins as if it were on fire, tingling to a dulcet tune in his ears. He was swept on a high tide of joy. In this exalted mood of ecstasy he swayed to the steps, which admitted to the interior of the temple.

It is amazing, however, that when he entered the sacred precincts he all of a sudden experienced a sense of peace and a certain awe of the silent place. He was calm and serene as he came to the alcove where the padukas or foot prints of Lord Mahavir lie in low relief in marble. More amazing still, was the clear vision which he saw, as he was transported with ineffable rapture in a single act of adoration. From betwixt the padukas a brilliant pencil of light as of liquid sapphire sprang up, his whole being responding to and commingling with it, and was lost in the deep blue of the sky.

It is no use describing this transcendent experience. Suffice it to say, that the knowledge he now gained of the unseen, was conveyed to him in unmistakable terms. This lay a seal of approbation, as it were, on the vows of Renunciation which he had

taken in a dream-state The chapter of "might-have-beens" in life was now closed for ever There was only one way in life for him to pursue and that of an anchorite

Acharya Shree Chandra Sagar Suri gave him Diksha on Maha vad Pancham Vikram Samvat 1998, 6th Feb 1942, at Bordi, Bombay

Father, too, took the Vow and was named Chandrakant Sagarjee Maharaj. His age was fifty at the time he took Diksha He became well-known as an ascetic. He was devoted to the Shraman Order Even at the age of sixty, his fervour in devotion and acts of piety did not abate in the least The great soul of Chandrakant Sagarjee Maharaj is no longer with us now He passed away on 26 July 1959 on the same day that Chitrabhanu was born 37 years ago What a harmonising contrast of life . in death

The title of one of the numerous booklets which Chitrabhanu's prolific pen has given us is Jivan-man-Word as bread Dharma, Religion in life The title of life means much It is indeed true that there is much of the poetic in his writings The source of their inspiration does not lie so much in his imagination however, as in his life It may be truly said of his literary compositions that it is his very life-blood which is poured into them to be the bread of life for others This does not apply to him alone This is true of every word of man who is conscious of a high purpose in life

It is a matter of regret that space does not allow us to quote more than a few instances, and these also taken at random to show his active sympathy towards all

It was the end of Chaturmas 1951 Jain sadhus have to change the place of their residence after the monsoon He had, therefore, shifted to Santok Ben Weaving Factory near the Station, Bhavnagar He was spending a night there It was a two storeyed building He was occupying the top floor

A fire broke out in the small hours of the morning The ground floor was enveloped in flames Inmates of the house rushed up and battered at the door of his room and forced it open There was no time to lose The balcony on which the door of his room opened was the only exit possible People outside set up a ladder against the wall under the balustrade The ladder, however, fell short by five to six feet to reach up

An awning was stretched over the asan and the squatting ground for the people where the day's function was held This was just underneath the balcony The male members of the house, who were only two, became so panicky that they were the first to jump on the awning to escape, crashing down the whole structure with them 'in their bold dash' Women and children were cowardly neglected Chitrabhanu

threw all scruples to winds. He lowered down every woman, supporting her on his arms, till she rested her feet on the rung of the ladder. He thus saved all twelve in number, including his old father. And the last of all himself. He was amply rewarded for this service. His biceps were swollen and his whole body smarted with pain for a number of days.

His sympathy extends to all and to all alike, irrespective of caste or creed. A remarkable case of a His love for all mind-cure in this connection is worth noting. It was at Dasada. On the last day of Paryushana celebration, it is customary to take out a procession. The route of the procession lay by an old tomb. A butcher of Uked who was possessed by a genie sat there. A superstitious awe attached to the place. Jains ever shunned that tomb whenever they took out a procession, lest some evil might visit them. Chitrabhanu to set an example and to teach his people that superstition should be ruled out of life, led past the dreaded tomb. The butcher howled and screamed. But nothing untoward happened. On the other hand Chitrabhanu by sprinkling a little Vasxep<sup>13</sup> on the head of the maniac and mumbling some incantation cured the man of his lunacy. In his gratitude the butcher promised, not only to leave his ancestral trade but never to touch animal food for his life-time.

As we are on the subject of the metaphysical

healing, one more case may be quoted as it demonstrates his love and compassion for the suffering

Chitrabhanu was at Dasada It was the same season, the end of Chaturmas, 1949 He was shifting his residence He was going to take his quarters at the house of one Popatlal Dahyabhai, a wealthy man of the place. The procession was passing by the palace Mohammed Khanjee, the Chief of Dasada was standing in the balcony of the palace Chitrabhanu beckoned him to come down to see him He came to see Muni at Sheth Popatlal's He paid his respects to Muni without uttering a single word He was weeping bitterly Munimaharaj soon learned that the Chief's ten year old son suffered from a tumour on the thyroid gland and that cure looked impossible The pathetic figure of the Chief standing before him moved the bowels of his mercy He gave him some Vasaxep with his blessing to apply it to the affected part He cheered him and gave him confidence that all would be well and there was nothing to worry about It looks miraculous, but the boy recovered in two days The family will ever remain grateful to our Saint

I have not the least intention to attribute any miraculous powers to Muni Chitrabhanu He himself would deny possessing any such powers His magnetic influence is sufficient to heal if a man's faith is great

The modus operandi in these cases is simple



enough He concentrates his will on the patient to make him feel that he is *healthy* if he be present or sends a strong current of good will if he be absent, confidently believing all the while in the efficacious virtues of the Vasaxep From what I know in this matter, I believe that it is a case of faith-cure Much depends upon the faith of the person in the curative virtue of the powder *as given by the Munimaharaj*

Once he halted at a village in his itinerary foot-journey The place was a haunt of robbers Jiwo Revel of the Viramgaum District was the ring-leader of the gang, the name struck terror in the hearts of the villagers

An open-air meeting was held and Chitrabhanu was discoursing to the villagers A cart track, skirting the assembly of the listeners, zigzagged unto the fields beyond Jiwo Revel riding along stopped short in the impetuous career of his fiery horse at the kerb of the road and quickly dismounting stood there for a while to listen A little while and he was gone But something pricked his conscience, he was troubled in his spirit For, the imprecation and the great oath he uttered as he galloped away betrayed the inner tearing of the soul. Never for once could the gaze of the simple, fearing people turn aside from the rider and his steed till nothing was left save a cloud of dust on a distant slope Which son of his mother was not afraid of the dreaded highway robber, whose tall figure

and huge body seemed to dwarf all villagers in his presence?

The cheery voice of Chitrabhanu, however, cleared the air and calm and peace that was lost for the moment was restored to the meeting

The next morning Chitrabhanu was out for his constitutional. He was walking along the same beat-track of the robber. It was a fine morning. Birds flew about and the insects hummed. The distant call of a Koel was heart-captivating.

As Chitrabhanu approached the top of the slope, the formidable form of Jiwa Reval loomed up from behind a boulder. He hesitated and stopped as he crossed the road. He reverentially salaamed the Muni. Chitrabhanu looked intently upon him and raising his hand to give him a blessing (Dharma Labh meaning 'may you spiritually prosper') asked him in a soothing voice, "Who are you, brother?" Jiwa faltered out "I. . . .I am Jiwa Reval. . . the outlaw". Chitrabhanu made a sweet-gesture to come with him to a big banyan tree that stood nearby upon a clearing. The golden sunlight filtered down through its branches making circular patterns on the ground like 'butterfly souls' across the floor.

The Saint and the sinner sat opposite each other under the grateful shade of the tree. Under the bewitching influence of the Saint and Nature the sinner opened his heart to Chitrabhanu, the Muni.

assisting him with kind words and gestures to make clean breast of himself. With sympathetic understanding he quietly listened to the confession of the robber. Chitrabhanu has a wonderful insight into the secret working of men's hearts. He plied him with the questions whether he preferred an unnatural death on a gibbet to a natural death at home, whehter he would like his wife to be a widow and the children to become orphans. He expatiated upon the felicities of domestic life and honest living. Taking him in the aura of his healing love and with tact and encouragement he led him on to appreciate the sanity of a staid life and family love. The only problem that troubled him most, the robber confessed, was how he could get a footing in society which he had ruthlessly and violently treated. Chitrabhanu assured him of his help in that matter and allayed all his fears. Chitrabhanu persuaded the Chief of the place to take him in his service. He was thus amply provided for.

He did well and he is now living a respectable life as a good citizen.

His heart goes out in sympathy for small creatures in their suffering as much as for human beings. He recently picked up a pariah dog which was wounded, from the road side and personally looked after the puppy and nursed it. From such instances, it should not be understood that he is a religious crank. The traditional Jain behaviour

of becoming too soft towards animal life is of course there, in his mental make-up; but making allowance for it, I do not think that he professes mealy-mouthed philanthropy for all that. These acts of his wide benevolence do not interfere with his serious work. He says "This sort of charity is my hobby"

He is not a mere recluse, confined to desk or pulpit. It may be directly or indirectly, but he helps causes of a wider interest.

It was indeed a piece of noble work which he did last Paryushan, in helping to compose the clash of difference on a burning topic.

The Jain community does not subscribe to the rule of untouchability in such a rigid form as is done in the sister community of Hinduism. Inter-dining. In spite of it, some orthodox Jains looked with disfavour upon admitting Bhavsars to a religious supper. Muni Chitrabhanu took up the cause. By pleading, persuasion and the moral pressure he exercises upon his people, he succeeded at long last in bringing together these two factions. And Bhavsars and the so-called high caste members of the community sat down to the supper last Paryushan, numbering not less than 11000 mouths.

He is not an out-right reformer. There are many little things which have outlived their usefulness and which are a drag upon the progress of the society. He knows this. But he knows this also that it is no use

going against the tempo of the slow-going people. By your zeal you may arouse the passion of the people and you may defeat the end in view. If you know a thing can be done, then make an honest attempt to get it done. Otherwise, leave it to people to take their own time to do it. He is fond of quoting a well-known illustration in this connection. If there is a line and if we want it to be shorter, draw a longer line parallel to it without disturbing the original and the former becomes shorter naturally. Do something substantial. People will see it and they will come out of their old ruts and join you.

Before I conclude this sketch, I am tempted to add a few personal details of Muni Chitrabhanu. A Jain

Personal details Muni can have no private life as such. He lives in broad day-light so to say, accessible to everyone at any time. And yet, I thought, it would be of some interest to the general reader to know something of the characteristics of a Jain Shraman. He puts on two wrappers to cover his body. Our Muni wears khadder. Even before he took ascetic vows, he had adopted it. The Shraman gives preference to wool for a spread or a blanket. He goes bare headed and bare footed everywhere and in any weather.

He is methodical in his habits. He keeps everything tidy and in order, from his personal belongings which are very few, to paper and books of which he has always a considerable stock. You can claim

from him even a scrap of paper, you have given him any time you choose

The temple boy attached to him told me that he never got irritated. He keeps his temper even when visitors early and late provoked. He is up from his pallet long before dawn and retires not before nine. Squatted before a low desk, he is ever busy doing something or the other, reading books or proof sheets or writing articles or replying letters. Visitors intrude upon his privacy at any hour of the day. Many of them come to pay merely formal respects. They come from the Punjab, Bengal, Marwar, Madras or some such distant places. He is so very accommodating to others that he does not like to displease them. They keep on talking till the thin end of it. He bears all this nuisance with a cheerful face and does not betray even by a wrinkle on his forehead how much it pains him to be hindered in his work.

He is now known abroad and men and woman come to see him from Italy, Switzerland, U K and U. S A

The minute the pious soul is gone, he immediately turns to his scheduled study. Albeit the visiting man or woman does not go back without some cheering word from him or a pinch of Vasxep<sup>13</sup>. If he is lucky enough to manage shorten the visit, the visitor is atleast sure to carry with him the sweet memory of a friendly smile. Many who have come in contact with him experience a certain expansion

of consciousness a sense of care-free-ness. They feel refreshed in body and soul. And this feeling of freshness endures with them till much later, they say, when everything else upon which it seemed to depend at the time or which seemed to have occasioned it, is forgotten altogether. Some people come and carry on talking with him even after nine in the night. He cannot refuse such friends. His gentle nature can only permit him to drop a sly hint that it was time to retire.

One has to marvel at the mental and physical reserves of the man, that inspite of these odds against him, he contrives to pursue his serious study and to send so much to the press. He has trained his body so well as to drop to sleep any time he likes and to sleep like a babe

The range of his reading is wide enough. It is rather too wide for a Jain Muni. He is liable to be accused of being an indiscriminate reader. Sufi writers, Christian authors, Hindu divines—all have passed through his hands and not some without being well thumbed and kept for future reference. A friend comes to him and brings him some favourite book of his, pleads that it is worth his reading and leaves it with him to return it with his opinion. He is too courteous to refuse such a well-meaning offer. He scans through at least some of its important chapters. This sort of desultory reading does not prevent him from his set study anyhow. He cannot be re-

garded as a desultory reader. He has mastered about nine to ten languages. He is an authority in some branches of Sanskrit literature. He wittily says that such all-round reading is a mental therapeutic so that mind may not be inured to one-sided thinking. This keeps mind healthy, fresh and open to Truth. It is the demand of the palate to taste variety of food in substantial quantity, so it should be for the mind, lest it be morbid enough to have lost the savour. "One's experience should be rounded off to the orb'd beauty of the moon" is his favourite way of putting what moral perfection consists of.

There is no credit for a Jain Muni to be abstemious in his diet. Jains are well known for their fasting feats. A forty-day fast is nothing to them. Muni Chitrabhanu believes in moderation. He does not believe in anything which does not serve any useful purpose. Every one should be his own judge. He for one, does not venture beyond two days.

He recognized the value of fasting as a means of spiritual culture. This object is better fulfilled, he believes, by abstaining from all activity and not merely from food. Emphasis on mental discipline is more marked in his case, it is the only deciding factor with him. He favours maun-vrata or to be more accurate muni-vrata—a fast of silence. The word muni is derived from man, to think and vrata means a vow. One takes a vow to observe silence for a certain period. Many people set a day apart



for this purpose They, then, communicate with others by writing notes, this is defeating the purpose for which the silence is kept. Chitrabhanu believes in the wisdom of the commonsense.

Instead of allotting a day to the silence he reserves a few hours of the day when he can completely retire unto himself Introspection, deep thinking, quiet study make up the programme. The mental fast ensures the grip of the soul on all material conditions.

As to his large-hearted tolerance we have referred to it before Here, I would like to make a few observations on this greatly needed virtue to day Some of the old school Jains have some times out-stepped the bounds of decorum in the zeal to see Ahimsa observed by all Muni Chitrabhanu set a good example in the attitude he took towards the butcher. It demonstrates that one can convert an alien to one's faith by love and persuasion and not by hatred Hatred lands one in Himsa again, which one is out to eradicate.

शिवमस्तु सर्व जगतः

परहितनिरता भवन्तु भूतगणाः

दोषा प्रयान्तु नाश

सर्वत्र सुखी भवन्तु लोकाः

May Good be to all the world,

May all ever do good to all;

May all evil be destroyed,

May all people be happy.

## APPENDIX I

### HIS THOUGHTS AND TEACHING'S

#### *The Epic of Life* —

Life is an epic in itself Its delineation is unseen, its music is in the ecstasy of silence We cannot depict it, we cannot decipher its meaning, for we have not the vision responding, to comprehend its range Peace and joy would be ours, could we but read with sympathetic insight: this epic of cosmic life

#### *The Dynamic Force* —

The radiation of spirit is like a magic life-force that transforms defeat into victory. A man endowed with its glowing fire, can smile with a gleam of triumph on his face, even when surrounded by defeat

#### *The Poetic Creation* —

The enraptured heart of the poet ever yearns to seize that eternal moment of poetic creation which reflects without a shadow the heaving surge of emotion in all its lucidity.

***Faith :—***

Faith is the greatest force in life The tree of life bears fruit only when nourished with the water of human faith

***The Surging Foam :—***

Where is the joy or sadness of prosperity or penury, of happiness or misery, which are like the foam on the surface of the sea of life, born from the conflict of the surging waves of fancy and destined at last to pass into the selfsame sea at the end of that conflict ?

***Freedom :—***

The freedom that soils the luminous orb of human culture must lead mankind to the abyss of degradation

***Birth of Poetry —***

True poetry is not merely fine verse produced by human effort, but a sacred stream of the spirit bubbling forth from the conflict of agony and despair, raging in the poet's heart !

***Beauty :—***

The loveliness that must rely on outward senses for its realisation is not beauty, pure and serene, but the forlorn ghost of passion and desire. Beauty finds her fulfilment as she spreads her reign in the calm serenity of human soul—the superb charm of loveliness that must be felt and realised in the quietude of

being when external senses are drowned in a deep slumber

*The Blessed Vision :—*

As the heart of a lover dances in joy at the sight of his Beloved's portrait, even so doth the heart of devotee burst forth into rapture at the blissful vision of his beloved lord !

*Tears :—*

When did I tell you, my love ! not to offer me tears ? What I had asked, indeed, was to offer me not the unholy tears of deception, wrath and wailing, darling ! If thou needs must give, then give me, my darling ! the sacred tears of love and pathos and human sympathy in all its fullness

## *Quest of Happiness*

**H**VERY one in the world yearns for happiness. He goes to the ends of the earth to secure this illusive happiness. And yet, it ever eludes his grasp. It is because he does not know what real happiness is. He has a general feeling about it but no clear conception of the nature of happiness. Some of the things which people desire and believe that if they had them, they would be happy are health, money, power, fame and sexual gratification. Suppose, we chance to meet a person in this world of strange happenings, upon whom Dame Nature has showered all these blessings and suppose, we tempt him with the question, "How happy you are, oh fortunate One! Aren't you?" The man will be embarrassed and you can be sure that he will confess he is not. Surfeit cloyes and the interest on fullness is returned in boredom. For thousands of years man has been wandering about to obtain real happiness but it is as far away from his reach as when he first started upon this reckless journey. The fact is, he is not sure of himself as to what he is after, what the aim and purpose of living is.

Mind, body and speech are our wonderful instruments by means of which we can obtain anything we like. If they be properly used they bring unsatiable desire, happiness and if not, misery. Since man has failed to keep an equilibrium of mind, and to harmoniously use them that he has failed to attain the desired result. One moment, if he were elated with success the next he might be punished with defeat. Every event in life has this dual nature. We are in the dark as to what turn our fate would take next. The uncertainty of the future robs us of our sense of happiness. If once for all, we admit this change as fact, if we appreciate it as the two aspects of one and the same thing, we will not lose balance of mind or sense of happiness so soon. One seeking happiness should keep cool head in ease and prosperity, but should not be inactive and negligent of duty, however, when adverse circumstances assail him. These are unavoidable accidents in life. The man should be even-minded in both. Pain accompanies pleasure as black lining in bright clothes.

They form warp and woof in 'the process' of life as in manufacturing of cloth. You can only enjoy a hearty meal on an empty stomach. No hunger, no satisfaction. Allaying of pain is pleasure. You relish the positive condition when it is preceded by the negative one. Happiness lies in giving right attention, in adjudicating the claims of both.

We never inquire into the matter, we never halt in our mad pursuit and ask ourselves whether we really need certain things. 'Others have these things, why should I not have them?' that's how we resent what we have and seek what we have not. And then like a deer, heated by the chase, we are goaded to go after what ultimately proves a mirage. Attracted by this false show, we are going astray from the centre of our circumference—that we forget. The end is ashes and despair.

One wish fulfilled, leads to the other and then to another. We go halfway and then return to take another route, because we see others are going that way. People thus throw away their gifts and talents after unfulfilled desires. A million, then ten million, then why not a billion? There is no end to this mounting desire till death ends all.

It is but easy to see that one cannot be happy as long as one does not have the sense of fulfilment. You start with a wrong notion of happiness. You believe that money is everything. Well, if you possess all the treasures of Kuber maharaj, you'll still be unhappy. You may find your way to the den of the robbers of Ah Baba's Tale. You may have all the things there which gratify the senses—money and all that money can procure, fame and name, power and authority, and to complete the list, loving wife and children. And yet ..

There is a way into these treasures but no way out. Like the robbers of the tale, the senses will kill you, the senses will bewilder you; they will fetch you pain and shame unless you know the secret word, Open, Sesame! Sesame, the opening of the door of the mind, that is what is needed to come out of the den of the robbers and that commanding word, soul alone can pronounce.

You wish to emulate others. If you have knowledge, you desire to excel others in knowledge, if riches, then you suffer from the green-eyed jealousy that others possess them as well. You become too much self-centred to share good things with others. You want all to yourself. Ravana must have his undivided rule; there is no place for Rama in his realm. 'I am strong let the weak go to the wall' that is how the Fool learns to look upon the poor and the suffering. He hardens his heart against all that is good and noble in life. People on the ladder of success envy those who are above them but care not to look down and lend a helping hand to those who are below. A tank of water, which ever receives but does not let out will stink if not burst.

Thousands die daily around you for want of proper nourishment, shiver to death because they have no sufficient clothing to wear, many die a lingering painful death, because they cannot afford medical assistance and can you bear to pass on? Happiness lies not in keeping a grip upon things but in sharing them with others. Happiness is a way of looking at



life, feeling happy in making others happy. The more you hug the cup of happiness to yourself, the more miserable will you feel when it slips out. Should we not be very happy to share its contents with a thirsty traveller? If we knew it would fall, should we not feel good to see his eyes sparkle with gratitude. Is there no joy in watching a poor old woman's pleasure at an unexpected gift? There is always more joy in giving than in hoarding .

A bird had a nest on a tree. The tree caught fire. The mother spread her wings over the chicks in the nest as a last resort to protect them, and sacrificed her life for them. It is common experience of many of us to have observed such acts of charity in the dear little creatures of the sub-human race. It still happens that we frequently miss the lesson they teach.

Have we less humanity than even those who are lower in creation? Our sense of happiness is like the momentary pleasure we obtain from borrowed ornaments on festive occasions. Pause and think if our joy is an abiding joy or something borrowed or second hand and likely to be lost any moment, again. One should, therefore, take care to improve upon every opportunity, not only to advance oneself in life but to carry others along with him, and the laurels of honour won this way will ever remain fresh, untouched by the blight of time or the worm of conscience.

Man is imitative in behaviour and patterns of thinking as well. He gets trapped in the whirligig of pleasure and excitement, imitating others engaged in a similar pursuit, thinking lest he miss something in life which others have it. He lives and dies like a hired labourer, without any thing with him, to call his own. It is a case of love's labour lost. It is because he allowed himself to be driven with the high-tide of passion for things. It is a case of misplaced love.

If you want to grow a mango tree, you think of the nature of the soil, manure, and so many other things connected with it in horticulture. But in a serious question like life and living you take it lightly and plunge headlong in the stream believing you will somehow reach the other shore. You never care to know if there be rocks or crocodiles hidden under water. Swimming can be enjoyable, and it should be enjoyable.

You consult experts in other matters but not in this matter of being Happy, in making your swimming an enjoyable, thrilling experience. In business management you consult an economist; in sickness, a doctor but here, you leave everything to luck and if in distress consult a palmist or an astrologer! But you never go to Religion or prophets or teachers of mankind—tirthankaras the "makers of the River Crossing."

You come crying as a baby, but depart laughing merrily as man as an Indian bard sings:

When you came to this world,  
The world was laughing at you, while you cried,  
Now leave the world with works, so eloquent,  
That you smile—a smile of satisfaction,  
And the world weep for you.

When a baby is born he cries This is his first  
reaction to the world He is confused, bewildered  
The trailing cloud of glory is not yet effaced from  
his memory. The heaven plays about him and he  
has not yet learned to adjust his vision divine to the  
narrow cell of the body He cries but people gathered  
round the crib laugh

The childishness, the innocence, the vision celestial—these were our possession We should preserve  
these gifts though we should leave childishness behind, of course

We are now sensible, thinking men and women,  
grown—ups everyone following his own profession  
The poet says we should now leave the world, when  
the hour strikes, in a way worthy of man. There  
should be a smile on our face of having lived a life  
of benevolence and the sparkle of joy in our eyes  
of having fulfilled our life's mission People around  
should be weeping, because they part with a good  
man This is the real sign of a successful life But  
if the dying man were troubled as to what would  
happen to his property, family and so on, take it for  
a dire sign of his having failed in life

As a man casts off old clothes and puts on new and enjoys the feeling of newness and freshness so should a man feel in discarding the old, worn out body, and putting on the new. The old body is this entangled life in the material-world *Sansara* and a new body is a final ever release from its hold.

A sincere traveller on the life's path should rejoice in attaining *Moksha Salvation* since his round of life and birth comes to an end. But man today is distressed by death. He feels restless, and naturally so. He does not attain anything good, he has not been virtuous, done works of charity or observed chastity or carried out penance or felt compassion for the suffering. He knows his life has been wasted and there is a sorry end to it all. There will be no new garment to put on but even this thread-bare one will be taken away and he will have to wander helplessly in the purgatorial regions.

He has reason to dread the hour of death.

Throne, principality, power, do not bring happiness if one is not in possession of spiritual riches. One may pretend to look happy but hell-fires of remorse and the biting, restless soul keep burning all the while, the ravenous worries hover over his head like vultures, the worms of conscience corrode his heart. Know then, please, that your imagined happiness is but born of the unreal.

Happiness does not reside in money or material things Its seat is in the heart If it were established there the things of the world would take on the colour of an entertainment park Thinkers of the world, therefore, refer it always to the joy of the soul.

The material-minded cannot perceive it and run hither and thither in search of this fountain of joy, the blind fools do not see that it is bubbling in their own hearts

Their case is that of the musk-deer who knows not of the seat of fragrance, he carries about all the while He whiffs and runs in whatever direction the wind blows it—albeit his own fragrance

The same thing we notice all over the world, to day Man looks for happiness outside himself but never looks in If we desire veritable happiness we should withdraw out-going mind from external things, obtain control over senses, study life, make a critical review, steady our emotions and exercise introspection to stop the ever-active flow of thought This is the only way to secure what really means happiness

However material minded usually the Japanese are, they have experimented with self-conquering methods The life-size figures of Today's contagion three monkeys in stone are placed at the three entrance gates of the city of Tokyo The statues teach the object-lessons in self-control

One has his eyes shut He conveys the lesson  
Look on things beautiful and if an occasion arise to  
see evil, shut your eyes, as I do The second has  
clapped his ears suggesting, 'I listen to what is good  
but close my ears to evil' The third monkey  
is represented as stopping his mouth and declaring,  
'Say good, but stop your mouth against uttering any-  
thing false, then keep mum' If one attains felicity  
by controlling these three senses, how much more  
could be expected of one who attempted to master  
all one's senses

People have no control over the tongue They  
are used to circulate false reports They slander one  
to-day, another the next day, and  
The mischief of idle talk so on, thus spreading like an ink-  
blot the contagion of their malice

Slander and gossip do incalculable harm and damage  
in society and victimize many an innocent man or  
woman who is helpless against their sweeping on-  
slaught The evil works and spreads so subtly that  
we hardly notice the mischief done, in the beginning  
We should keep a strict guard on our speech First  
an idle talk, then an evening gossip, then slandering—  
the match is struck, the fire spreads Or it is like a  
bucolic plague It is the worst of evils, the worst  
of social ills Its germs continue to live for years  
Sometimes, people take to this gossiping, just to idle  
away time and they know but little that they start  
the mischief It soon becomes a habit A confirmed

gossiper feels an itch to make a story on hearsay and pass on to others. The mind of a gossip is a perverted mind. When children suffer from scabies, we bandage their feet and hands, in order to prevent them from scratching the skin. Even though they suffer, they have ever such a craving for it. They never think long.

Would we could do the same with the gossips that do likewise in their ignorance.

We thus see that sense-control and cultivating detachment from outside things bring us a true sense of happiness. Particularly, a sense of fullness which Renunciation bestows is a wonderful experience. The life of Shri Mahavir-dev and the episode of going into the forest in the case of Shri Ramchandrajī are pertinently edifying. The story of Ramchandrajī's renunciation of the throne and home, moves our hearts and lifts our souls. It shows how one can crush all hope and ambitions of youth and be ready to leave all for one's faith and thereby gain the highest pinnacle of idealism. Think over the matter seriously. Was happiness found in kingship or in forest? In the gratification of sensual pleasure or in renunciation of luxurious living? Does it lie in the crown and sceptre or in the nobility and generosity of the heart? Rama knew that one who learned to detach oneself from worldly things, could easily let go everything when Time demanded. Such a man lightly holds the things of the world. He always enjoys the sense of

fullness, whether he lived in a cottage or a palace  
He has no sense of lack or losing Rama knew this  
and realized it Earth's kingdom shunning, he won  
his empire on the hearts of men

So, these are the two unfailing means to secure  
happiness, soul-control and self-denial One who is  
rich in soul needs no outward riches to add to one's  
treasures

To adapt Shakesphere on Perfection, the soul is  
perfect as it is

The soul which is refined as gold, needs no gild-  
ing, the soul which has purified itself from sensual  
taint is pure like a lily It gives out its own perfume  
It has the splendour of the seven-coloured rainbow  
It has everything in itself It is full and happy To  
attempt to add anything to the fullness of its Bliss  
is 'wasteful and ridiculous excess'



## APPENDIX II

### Notes and References

Muni Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj does not like long honorifics with his name. It shows his humility in discarding the old traditional use of name and adopting the pen-name of Chitrabhanu in all his writings.

Ch stands for Muni Shree Chandraprabhsagar Maharaj—Chitrabhanu.

We set down a few questions on the opening page of the book. They harmonise with the spirit and teaching of Ch. The time has come when our religious teachers should emphasise the unity of all to ensure human fellowship. We may honestly differ from others and uphold the uniqueness of the faith we belong to, yet there remains a considerable body of religious teaching which is common to all. Can we not make use of this common ground and make an honest attempt to feel one? "And people are naught but a single nation" Koran Ch 10 V 19, 49 V 13.

The difficulty with most of us is that we do not want to look for truth anywhere else except in our own books. For the curious persons who desire to see similarities obtaining between different systems, "The Essential Unity of all religions" compiled by Bhagwandas is a mine of information, *The World Gospel Series* edited by Duncan Greenless, too, is handy.

2 Syadvada or Anekantavada. It is the seven fold syadvada logic of the Jains—the different forms of predicative judgment. A science which can dispassionately scrutinise the diverse doctrines and which can reconcile the apparently inconsistent, is known as the science of Syadvada, Sapekshavada, Nyayavada and Anekantavada. See *Anekantavada* by Shree Harisatya Bhattacharya and also the *Philosophy of Mahavira* by Kamtaprasad Jain (*The Illustrated Weekly of India*, No 25, 1956) "The Seven-fold prediction takes into account not only the formal but also the material conditions of validity of a judgment"—Foreword by Prof J B Dave to "Anekantavada"

3 See the published lecture 'Have to Jago' Ch 3 'I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you your way'—Munjee's favourite aphorism

4 *The Varieties of Religious Experience* by Prof William James

5 Lectures IV & V—*The Religion of Healthy-mindedness* by Prof William James

6. Lyric episode based upon Vataries of Art—  
Kalam Upasika in Katha Dīpa Ch.
- 7 Idli Dhosa, Sappu Famous dish of rice and soup  
from Karnatak (Mysore)
8. Saurabh Ch .Tears—Ansu—p 23 Appendix II  
No 10
- 9 "It is only the empty that can be filled" J  
Krishnamurti 'And when thou reach the temple,  
thou mayest know that the empty alone are filled'  
Shree T L. Vaswani
- 10 "Religion is the only thing real in this unreal  
world" in Mahavir—Ch
11. Aparigrah see Saurabh Mayada Ch To note  
one of the five yamas or shūlas carried to its logical  
extreme involves complete annihilation of the lower  
self
- 12 "Sudha Syandini"—Priya Darshan i e Lovely  
Vision p 4, Ch —a free rendering of the poem by the  
Author
- 13 Tirth Yatra . All the places of Jain pilgrimage  
are listed and described in three volumes *Jain Tirth  
Sarva Sangrah*
- 14 Diksha · 5 Vows—Non-violence, Truth, Non-  
stealing, Celibacy, Limitation—named Panch Shūla  
in Buddhism See *The Essential Unity of All Reli-  
gions* Bhagwandas p 278

15 See Mahavir (pp 26, 27) a publication of Shree Vallabh Suri Smarak Nidhi

16 Amavasya The eve of the New Year's Day according to the Vikram era beginning B C 56—57 It is the anniversary of the passing away of and attaining Nirvan by Mahavir

Eighteen Kings were gathered there to attend a conference These Kings did come to hear the last sermon of Lord Mahavir and they were present when He passed away They assisted in the illumination of lights after His passing away It is interesting to note that *Diwali*, the great feast of lights, has begun from this immemorable night to celebrate in a material form the Light of Divine Knowledge which He left behind

17 One peculiarity of the Shraman order is that the Sadhus stay at one place during the whole of the rainy season The rains give birth to insects and worms The sadhus are therefore cautious, they want to avoid killing even the small creatures They do not undertake long journeys during Chaturmas—the four months of the rainy season The feast of Paryushan falls in this season

18 The Sadhus cannot touch a female Ch However did not stick to the Rule when he saved a number of females from fire

Vasaxep is a powder, poundel of sandal wood, saffron etc It is believed that Mahavir himself bless-

ed it and used it. He sprinkled it on the head of Grantam, his first disciple. It has come down passing through the hands of the Munis of the Jain hierarchy, each of them adding to the original store. The faithful attribute miraculous virtues to the powder. The reader should be amused to know that Sow Balvantra Mehta carried this Vasaxep to Delhi.

She applied a tilak on the forehead of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, our Prime Minister, on the occasion of his birthday and again when he was leaving for America. 'As he, freely moved about exchanging greetings with one and all, Sow Balvantra Mehta applied tilak on his forehead' —*The Hindustan Times*. This vasaxep was applied on the morning of Panditji's departure for London on his way to U.S.A. and Canada in December, 1956.

## JAIN MONKS AND NUNS

There are thousands of Sadhus in the world but the Jain monks and nuns are well known for their austerity and severe vows. They have to practise the five great vows in their perfect and highest possible forms. Non-injury, Truthfulness, Non-stealing, Celibacy and Non-attachment to worldly objects. Their life is one of complete self-help. They are not to be a burden on society in any way. They always travel on feet, wear the fewest possible clothes (some even discard clothing altogether), have no house or property of their own and are expected to know many languages for the purpose of propagating the message of peace among the people of different nations. They take only simple, purely vegetarian diet, just sufficient to keep body and soul together, beg their food from different houses and have neither attachment for, nor enmity towards any living being.

Prof P R Jain MA